

TURKISH BURIALS.

Mortuary Customs of the Ottoman Empire.

Graveyards are Picturesque, but Sadly Neglected.

There are burial-grounds attached to many of the mosques, picturesque little places filled with diminutive graves and irregular tomb-stones and thickly overgrown with shrubs and rose-bushes. It is not the custom in Turkey to keep graves in repair, and the monumental stones, being tall and slender and generally cylindrical soon fall out of the perpendicular, leaning in every direction and lending the cemeteries a wild and fantastic appearance. Until Mahmud introduced the *fez*, the headstones of men's graves were surmounted by carved representations of turbans, but since that time the *fez* is in universal use, painted scarlet when new, with a blue tassel. Upon the column below the cylinder there is frequently a long inscription, beginning with an invocation to God or a verse from the Koran, and followed by a short account of the dead man's life. The tombstones of women either bear no symbol at all, or, as in the great majority of cases, are surmounted by a sunflower or something in the nature of an arabesque or plant. The inscriptions on them are almost invariably in verse. In very rare instances persons of great importance have elaborate monuments, which are usually ugly in proportion as they are intended to be beautiful, and like the others are allowed to fall to ruin. In most of these small cemeteries there are narrow, well kept walks at a lower level than the graves themselves, and contrasting oddly with the wild growth of trees and shrubbery on each side. Persons reputed to have led holy lives are often buried, especially in the country, in solitary graves surrounded by elaborate gratings and covered by roofs or domes, and it is not uncommon to see them brightly illuminated at night with votive lamps, like the tombs of saints in Catholic countries. For Mohammedans not only reverence the memory of the dead, but believe in the efficacy of their prayers and intercessions. It is a common thing, too, to see the shrubs about the graves of sainted personages covered with hundreds and even thousands of scraps of rag, torn by pilgrims from their garments and stuck on the bushes in the belief that the offering will preserve the individual from sickness.—[Scribner's Magazine.]

California's Queer Railroad.

Over in Alameda county the Southern Pacific railroad has a branch line that is operated in a novel manner. This branch connects the town of Centerville with the main line of the narrow gauge at Newark. It is three miles in length and traverses a beautiful valley that affords considerable traffic. The rolling stock is the same as that used on the main line, with the exception of the passenger car, which is a small affair constructed especially for use on this branch. Each train consists of two freight cars and the passenger bus, and the motive power is furnished by two horses harnessed tandem. As the road has very little grade horse power is much cheaper for operation than steam. Regular trips and close connections are made in this way.

All classes of freight are handled without breaking bulk, merchandise, lumber, hay, grain and fruit being hauled over the road in considerable quantities. The road has the unique honor of being the smallest railroad in the world, and for the amount of freight transported will take first place for inexpensive operation. The entire operating force consists of one man, who is superintendent, conductor, engineer, fireman, brakeman and station agent combined. The name of this railway *Pooch-bah* is H. H. Burdick, who does not appear to be oppressed by the cares of his many offices. He usually uses a clod when he desires to put on more steam, although he rarely puts his train to a dizzy speed. It is Mr. Burdick's boast that he has never had a collision or an explosion on his line. Indeed the most serious accidents that he has had to encounter have been a broken single-tree or a horse falling lame. He claims the honor, therefore, of being the model railway superintendent.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

When the King of Siam is dressed in his official regalia, he looks like a jewelry exhibit at the World's Fair. The gems on his hat alone are worth a million of dollars.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Spinach is a Persian plant. Quinces came from Corinth. The turnip came from Rome. The peach came from Persia. Horseradish is a native of England. Melons were found originally in Asia. The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

Damsons originally came from Damascus.

The pea is a native of the south of Europe.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.

Pears are brought from the East by the Romans.

Garlic came from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

The tomato is a native of South America and takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so named from a place near Rome where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Lemons were used by the Romans for keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

The Right of Way.

There was an Irishman who lived in a small cottage on an estate, and who was in the habit of crossing from it to another through the gateway of a very distinguished noble gentleman. He had done this for twenty years, and when the noble gentleman came into some more money and hung two fine iron gates between the posts, the Irish laborer took a crowbar and broke the hinges on which they hung and tramped over them on his way. He was put in jail for this for a month, at the end of which time he went after his crowbar and tore the gates down again. When he had been in jail five times in six months, the people round about took up his case, and the right of way declared a just one, and the gates came down forever.

The Englishman will go further than this—he will not only fight for his rights, but he will fight for some other man's rights; he will go out of his road to tramp through a gentleman's property simply because the people in the neighborhood are disputing for right of way with him. I heard of three young barristers when I was in London who went on a walking tour, and who laid out their route entirely with the view of taking in all the disputed rights of way in the counties through which they passed, and who cheerfully sacrificed themselves for the good of others by forcing their way into houses and across private grounds and by tearing down hedges.—[Harpers' Weekly.]

How the Liberty Boys Did It.

It will be remembered that a dozen or more of the collisions between the British and the Liberty Boys of New York just prior to the active outbreak of the Revolution grew out of the posting of incendiary bills and broadsides.

The manner in which these bills were posted is curious. According to the diary of John Parks, written in 1775, the work was accomplished in the following manner:

"The method lately used in New York to post up inflammatory handbills was the same used in England at the time of the Pretender. It was done by a man who carried a little boy in a box like a magic lantern, and while he leaned against the wall, as if to rest himself, the boy drew back the slide, pasted on the paper, and, shutting himself up again, the man took the proper occasion to walk off to another resting place."—[New York Herald.]

Pat's Reply.

The butcher was shovelling a big drift of snow from the walk in front of his shop when Pat came along and asked for the job. The butcher refused. Pat persisted.

"No," said the butcher. "How will I get exercise if I let you shove?"

"Eating your meat," rejoined Pat, as he shouldered his shovel and marched on.—[Utica Observer.]

Necessary For Sailing.

Charley Steam—"I wish that we might sail forever down the stream of life."

Missie Clipper—"So we can if you will raise the wind."—[Puck.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

BRIDES AND GLOVES.

It is the present-day whim of fashion for the bride to go unglowed to the altar. The rule of no gloves for the men of the wedding party has often been enforced, but this is a new departure, adopted in the first place by high churchmen, and from them spreading among others, although not very far as yet.—[Brooklyn Citizen.]

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MUSICAL TASTE.

It is well known that Queen Victoria is an excellent pianist, with a remarkably correct ear. The Baroness Bloomfield, in her "Reminiscences," relates how, on one occasion the Queen asked her to sing, and she, with fear and trembling, sang one of Grisi's famous airs, but omitted the shake at the end. The Queen's quick ear immediately detected the omission, and smilingly, her Majesty said to Lady Normanby, her sister, "Does not your sister shake, Lady Normanby?" To which that lady promptly replied, "Oh, yes, ma'am; she is shaking all over."—[New York Sun.]

TWELVE DRESSES FOR AN EMPRESS.

The twelve dresses which the town of Lyons has presented to the Empress of Russia are: A dress of palest green velvet, in Henry II. style, trimmed with black feathers; a dress of pale dead blue satin embroidered with trails of heliotrope flowers and green leaves; a dress of heliotrope velvet; another of pale blue moire, trimmed in such a way with half-crushed roses that they look as if they were lightly strewn over it; a gown of cream-colored cut velvet; another of ivory silk, and a satin dress of "sunset" shades, that is enough to make any woman who looks at it sick with envy; also one of redish pink, velvety silk stitched with gold stars, and finally, a dress of silk that looks exactly like silver.—[New York World.]

HOW FASHIONS ARE MADE.

A Parisian hairdresser, who was a great favorite with the fashionable world, boasted one day that a clever mind and hand could succeed in making almost anything fashionable. Several boon companions of the speaker took him at his word and proposed that he introduce a coiffure composed of vegetables and make the same fashionable. The hairdresser took the bet and succeeded in persuading one of his ultra fashionable clients, the Marquise of Lesdigueres, to permit him to arrange her hair in a new way, adorning it with cauliflower, cardoons and radishes. The lady was so well pleased with the innovation that she showed herself at once in one of the salons of her friends. The result of it was as predicted by the hairdresser, the beau-monde of Paris was for a time devoted to coiffures composed of fruit and vegetables.

NOW-A-DAYS WE SEE

Teagowns of light colored velveteen. Petticoats of striped silk and velvet. Handsome piano and banquet lamps. Bolero jackets of black moire lamb fur. Jet and point de Venise lace bonnets.

Black satin walking gowns made en suite.

Single gilt and enameled fancy chairs.

Jeweled rings for millinery trimmings.

Light glace shaded velvets and moire for dress trimmings.

Jabots and tiny chemisettes of lace, chiffon and fancy silk.

Pillow squares of hand-painted, embroidered and printed silk.

Bertha ruffling of chiffon trimmed with rows of lace insertion.

Ermine collarettes with long orahort ends and a high collar.—[New York Advertiser.]

SPINSTERHOOD AND LONGEVITY.

It is said often and sadly that matrimony isn't as popular as it used to be. This is, of course, to be deplored; but in order to show the possible silver lining to this dark cloud the following instances of single blessedness are submitted:

Miss Eliza Work of Henrietta, N. Y., expects to celebrate her 100th birthday very soon. Rendered somewhat garrulous by this proud event, she has at last given out the secret of her longevity. She says that it is because she never drank tea or coffee, and, above all, because she never got married. Miss Work is housekeeper for her nephew, and she scorns to keep a servant. She has done a big day's work every day for ninety years, and expects to do a good many more. Her brother lived to be 101 years old, but Miss Work thinks he might have

lived many years longer if he had only abstained from tea, coffee and marriage.

As if this were not convincing enough, there is the case of Polly Thompson, who departed this life not long ago at the age of 107. She was the oldest English subject of Queen Victoria, having celebrated her 107th birthday last June. On that occasion she received congratulatory letters from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of York. In spite of her great age, Polly was a hale and hearty old lady up to a comparatively short time before her death. She never married!

Longevity is not held out in these stories as an inducement to neglect matrimony, but as a possible compensation to those who are otherwise engaged.—[New York Sun.]

WOMEN WHO EAT ARSENIC.

The majority of the female beauties of Sydney, according to an English observer, have peculiarly delicate complexions, languid expressions, fragile physique, and a die-away look in the eyes, which are more suited to the enervated temperament of an old civilization than the active vitality of a new world. It is easy even for a novice to detect that these ladies owed a good deal to their persequer.

The mystery of this curious combination of premature baldness and unusual delicacy of complexion was explained by the fact that these women ate arsenic in order to produce the aristocratic pallor and languor, and found to their horror that another effect of the drug was to make the hair drop out. Valuing their complexions above their hair, however, they sacrificed the one to the other.

What a woman will endure for her complexion may be estimated by this, and also by the fact that these arsenic eaters rarely live past forty-five. There is no pleasure, moreover, in the consumption of the poisonous drug. The arsenic is made up into dainty looking caramels, which fashionable dames will produce from precious bonbonniers and suck quite openly, just as the American girl chews gum or the English girl chocolate. The arsenic question, the Englishman says, was a becoming quite a burning one in the antipodes. When a man married a young looking, lovely creature, adorned with luxurious ringlets, he was disgusted to find, after the ceremony, that she was really a semi-bald, prematurely enervated woman, who was shortening her life to please her own vanity. Moreover, the suffering which she would go through in any attempt to overcome this pernicious habit was enough to make her break down, if, indeed, she could be persuaded to bear it at all.—[New York Telegram.]

FASHION NOTES.

Ermine collarettes appear on some of the new long skirted coats of black cloth.

The deep warm yellow shade called Toredor is most becoming to dark women.

Mustard-colored gloves with black stitching are fashionable in Paris and London.

Ruches of colored crepe are used to head lace flounces on satin or watered-silk dresses.

Mink tail borders and narrow edgings are most fashionable and more expensive than they have ever been.

Point d'Angleterre has been brought to perfection and is wrought into bridal veils that are as a soft evening cloud.

Some pretty bureau drawer sachets were simply made of quilted satin, lined with plain China silk and embroidered with the initials.

Fancy muffs made of velvet and other rich materials are rivals of the plainer drum muffs of fur. A fur lining is now frequently put in.

Mink is as popular as ever, both for garments and trimmings. Many fashionable espes and jackets are made of Persian lamb or black marten.

Beautiful dancing toilets are made of changeable satin brocades and trimmed with lace insertion and edging, with skirts of accordion-pleated crepon set to a yoke of the brocade.

Combinations in suits are the rule. It makes very little difference how many materials are put into one garment, always provided they are artistically managed and not put together so that the colors will quarrel.

One of the prettiest hats of the season is made of very fine black cloth. A circle has the edges pinked out, and upon this is plaited a strip of the material also pinked upon both edges. Then the brim is rolled up at one side, and bows and loops of velvet with a wing and an aigrette are added.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER

That flannels should always be washed by themselves in a suds prepared for them; on no account be rubbed on the board unless very dirty.

That the suds should be pleasantly warm to the hands, not too hot, and no hot or cold water be added while the flannels are in the tub.

That they should be rinsed in clean water of the same temperature as the washing suds, and as many waters used as may be necessary to take all the soap out, as the flannels will never be soft with the soap left in them.

That they should never be bleached.

That they should be pulled in shape before hanging; undershirts being hung from the shoulders.

That they should never be hung out of doors in freezing weather, but quickly dried before the fire, or better over the register, and pressed as soon as dry enough.

That black woolen and cotton hose should be washed by themselves (so as not to get lint on them), pulled in shape, hung on the line from the toes, as then the drip will go down, instead of remaining in the toes and shrinking them.—[Good Housekeeping.]

MENDING.

"A stitch in time saves nine," is a trite proverb, but it is none the less true. Moreover, I have found that a stitch before time saves many times nine. To explain: The family mending is made much easier by lining the parts of the garment where the most wear comes with the same (or if the material is very thick, with thinner cloth of the same color.) It is but little more work to make a garment in this way and when it becomes worn all one has to do is to cut away the worn part, turn in the edges and fell down. This plan avoids the necessity of a bright new patch on an old faded garment. My little boy has a blue flannel overcoat lined with blue denim (the best parts of his papa's old overalls) and though he has worn it every day for three winters, it still looks quite well, though mended and darned in many places. Over the shoulders and wherever extra warmth is required, instead of wadding I use old woolen cloth of the color of the coat. No quilting is necessary, and the coat is easily mended.

For children who "romp" a great deal (as country children should) blue denim makes serviceable aprons as it does not tear like calico or gingham, therefore requires less mending.

Stockings will last two or three times as long if the heels and toes are run with yarn before they are worn. The knees of children's stockings should be served in the same way.

When the children are put to bed at night every little hole in their clothing should be mended, then there will be no necessity for an immense mending basket.—[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

RECIPES.

Lemon Sauce.—One cupful of sugar, juice and rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one dessert-spoonful of butter, one-half pint of boiling water, the yoke of one egg. Stir up but do not boil. Just before serving add the beaten whites of the eggs.

Cream Pie.—One-half pint of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, yoke of one egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, pinch of salt, flavor with lemon; boil up. The crust should be first baked, then the mixture added. Frost with white of one or two eggs and brown slightly.

Fried Cauliflower.—Blanch the cauliflowers by first immersing them in hot water and then plunge them into cold water. Tie in cheese cloth and boil in salt water until partly done, about twenty minutes or a little longer. Remove from fire, drain and set in bunches, and dip in batter made with a tablespoonful of flour, half a pint of milk, a well beaten egg, salt and pepper. Dip the bunches in the batter and fry them carefully until richly browned. Serve dry, garnished with parsley or celery sprigs.

Lamb's Tenderloin.—It is the tender little bit found under the bone of a loin chop, and half a dozen such chops, stripped of their "tid bit" will furnish a delicate little meal for an invalid while the chops are still available. This is the only economical way of obtaining a very tiny dish of them, or a piece of the loin of lamb for roasting might have the fillet or tenderloin taken out whole; it is about eight inches long, and, in fine lamb, might be as thick as a sausage. It runs between the bone and the kidney fat.

Winter Skies.

Bright skies and light skies,
And skies a-beam with blue;
And fair skies, and dear skies,
The same that Summer knew.

Though winter chill
May frost the hill,
Bend o'er us still—
Bend o'er us still!

Dove skies, and love skies,
And skies that dream of Spring;
And old skies, and gold skies—
That make the whole world sing!

Though Winter's will
Blight vale and hill,
Bend o'er us still—
Bend o'er us still!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

An affair of the heart—The circulation of the blood.

The wood-cutter is conceded to be a "chipper" fellow.

Man proposes, and women wishes he wouldn't be so long about it.

Women's sleeves, like the moon and like fashions generally, wax and wane.

It is natural for a waiter to grow crooked when he is tipped a good deal.

The messenger boy goes slowly because he is determined not to run out of a job.

Willis—Which is the best position in which to sleep? Wallace—On the police force.

Minister—"Tommy, what is happiness?" Tommy (promptly)—"It's when you're eatin'."

Men don't look too coquettish on bicycles, notwithstanding the arch manner of their backs.

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of a wall, it isn't the cat we object to; it's the wall.

"I wish I wore a post."
The simple maiden said
"Impossible," he answered,
"Poets are born not made."

Some people are having a hog-killing time. But many, alas! are having a killing time to get the hog.

At the banquets given by men the women get toasted; at the luncheons given by women the men get roasted.

"Always speak well of your neighbor." "I always do, although I can assure you she is the meanest woman in creation."

The fact that freezing does not kill microbes affords the harrowing suggestion that a man should cook his ice before using it.

Prof. Garner says that gorillas do not talk with chimpanzees, but neglects to tell us which party is at fault or which began it.

Teacher—"What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg?" Dick Hicks—"His goose was cooked."

Honor tells us not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns us to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

Father—Well, young man, I understand, then, that you love my daughter? Nervous Youth—N-n-u-no, sir, I wish to marry her.

Watts—"I wonder how this world will get along when you and I have left it?" Potts—"You'd better be wondering how we'll get along."

He loved her for her beautiful hair—
But how the fellow stewed
When they were wed and when he had
To have that hair renewed.

"How long will one of these \$2 watches last?" "Oh, about three months. They are gotten up for city trade during the sandbagging season."

The London hod-carriers have an organ, edited by one of their own number. He began on the lowest round of the ladder and climbed steadily to the top many a time.

Single man (to himself)—"I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles." Same man (some years later)—"Consarn it all! From morning till night and night till morning, when I'm at home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and all the rest of 'em."

Tom—"I had been paying Alice a good deal of attention, and when I heard, on the quiet, that she was engaged, I thought I would be foxy and send her some flowers with a congratulatory message." Jack—"Great scheme! How did it work?" Tom—"It would have worked all right if the florist hadn't made a mistake and sent her a big pillow with 'We Mourn Our Loss' on it."

A Proxy Existence.

Little Dick—"I don't believe I'll learn to be a sailor after all."

Little Dot—"Why not?"

Little Dick—"I talked with an old man today who had been a sailor for 50 years and never got shipwrecked on a desert island yet."